New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1919

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By MAIL, including Postage IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:

	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
Daily and Sunday	$10.00	$5.00	$1.00
Daily only	8.00	4.00	.75
Sunday only	3.00	1.50	.30
Sunday only, Canada	6.00	3.25	.55
FOREIGN RATES			
Daily and Sunday	$26.00	$13.30	$2.40
Daily only	17.40	8.70	1.45
Sunday only	9.75	5.12	.86

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

GUARANTEE

You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape. No quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Wars

"It is not all over yet," says Bonar Law. No one has made a complete count, but "'Twixt the green seas and the azured vault," as Prospero remarked, is "set roaring war." And, not to ignore the testimony of Fluellen, the combatants have "no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog."

In far-off Afghanistan turbaned tribesmen hurl themselves against men with different turbans. In Bohemia Huns of the Red variety are making home-staying Czecho-Slovaks understand what their kin endured in Siberia. In Southern Russia Poles and Ukrainians have a sulphurous canopy every other day.

The White Finns are in trenches not far from Petrograd, and Livonians and Esthonians are giving the Bolsheviki some of their own medicine. Over an 800-mile front Kolchak keeps pecking away, and in front of Archangel and behind the Murmansk coast our men at last accounts were fighting alongside the British and French. Bulgaria threatens another invasion of Serbia, China is angry at Japan and little Fiume has voted $30,000,000 to make herself ready to fight the whole world should President Wilson lead it to attack her liberties. Finally, Mexico-way there is a smell of smoke, and burying parties are disposing of dead Villistas.

If the war correspondents were not out of breath this would be their busy year. We talk peace, but a large percentage of the human family is acting war. Human nature is not suspended. The old game has many devotees. The thought of Paris runs not to putting fires out, but to preventing their spread. We elect to say little about disagreeable facts, but there they are. Big wars, declared Othello, made ambition virtue; but how about the little wars? They at least prove something to those who do not allow visions to get in front of their vision.

Facade to an Alliance

Just about the time public opinion quiets on the assumption that the mystery of the Paris negotiations is all exposed and removed, along comes a strange stirring behind the curtain.

Testifying before the Senate Military Committee on Monday, General March, chief of staff, said Great Britain and the United States have an understanding that each shall maintain a military strength four times larger than before the war. The British quota will be 952,000 and ours about 500,000. The several staffs would consult, and the combined forces, plus the contributions of other nations, would suffice, the general thought, to meet the joint obligations under the covenant.

The arrangements read like an *entente* alliance on the model of the understanding which subsisted between Great Britain and France. In his letter of November 22, 1912, which gives the clearest description of the informal agreement, Sir Edward Grey said to Cambon, the French Ambassador:

> "From time to time in recent years the French and British naval and military experts have consulted together. It has always been understood that such consultation does not restrict the freedom of either government to decide at any future time whether or not to assist the other by armed force. . . . You have, however, pointed out that if either government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third power, it might become essential to know whether it could in that event depend on the armed assistance of the other. I agree that if either government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both governments should act together to prevent aggression and to preserve peace, and, if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common."

Two league of peace possibilities are present. One, of which the covenant is an example, seeks an inclusive general agreement, more or less definitely marking out the scope of common action. The other, not documented or systematized, is an *entente* among nations whose main interest is in peace. No real opposition between the two plans exists, although often pictured as antagonistic.

Acording to General March, the covenant is a mere screen, with the real peace-maintaining machinery in other arrangements in enlarged national armies to make common cause, the powers judging each case as it arises.

If this is what is being actually done the covenant is merely a façade, with the true structure behind. If this is the covenant's character a great shift of opinion is likely to occur. For example, Senator Knox in his resplution inserted a paragraph pledging assistance should civilization again be imperilled. It is to be inferred that Senator Knox wishes an *entente*, or something akin to it. Among those most sharply criticising the covenant are men who favor a loose alliance whose mere existence will warn other Germanys to be careful.

The Tribune, although as to some matters critical of the covenant, has steadily supported the alliance idea as the only peace league promising to insure peace, and has devoted itself to trying to establish relations of confidence with those nations which must be our partners if peace is in fact to be maintained.

The True Romance

There are romanticists of politics as of literature; and there are, at the other extreme, materialists. In between there are, or there should be, realists, with, on the one hand, a sense of fact that prevents wish-thinking and a doctrinaire's idealism; and, on the other, an imagination that realizes how vast is the still remaining mystery of life and how urgently we need faith and hope and instinct for our insoluble task.

Somewhere on this middle ground stands Joseph Conrad, the greatest living writer of English. His novels are sheer romance if you will; yet always truth, essential truth, is their organizing structure, their source, their purpose. There is, therefore, peculiar interest in his view of Poland, his native land, which we reprint from "Collier's" on this page. There is intense national partisanship in his argument, as was to be expected. But the world has grown weary of neutrals. We have come to perceive that only through partisanship, only through heat, can light be engendered. The Tribune is seeking to do its share toward expounding the strange romance, the mystery, that is Poland. We have given in Mr. Tobenkin's articles the criticisms of an eyewitness. We give Mr. Conrad's philosophical interpretation as a most valuable clew, a map of strange territory drawn as if from a great height.

The immediate and passing facts, subject of much charge and countercharge, are of small moment in such a picture. An incurably romantic view, some may say of Mr. Conrad's whole philosophy of the war. Yet he does not ignore these passing events in favor of sheer theory, the artifice of mind. He passes them by only because beyond them and above them are lasting, immutable facts which must in the end control. Hence he is the true realist, it can be said. Those facts are the facts of national character, which Mr. Conrad, profound student of human nature, sees as the one stable, certain element in a shifting world. Dynasties and democracies come and go, wars begin and end, groups improve and decline, new creeds and phrases pass upon men's lips. England is still England, France is France, America America—and Poland was and will be again Poland, offspring of the West set down amid the camps of the enemy.

There is no easy optimism about Mr. Conrad's hopes of his Poland. Fatalistic is the word that comes to mind. Perhaps all of Mr. Conrad's writing is touched with a faintly Eastern sense of a fate that inevitably must be. But it is fatalism welcome beyond price in an hour flushed with false claims and caring nothing for fact so long as the phrase be fine.

The Man Martens

The New York Call, which seems to have abandoned the Socialist field to become Bolshevist, seeks to break the force of the Penal Code's definition of criminal anarchy by saying "Ambassador" Martens has not advocated the overthrow of our government by force, violence or assassination.

In Russia Lenine and Trotzky, Martens's principals, have not only advocated overthrow of a government by force, violence and assassination, but have practised the doctrine. They did not overthrow Czarism (Lenine was safe in Switzerland and Trotzky safe in New York when this occurred), but they overthrew by force the Kerensky government.

This had title from the Duma, Russia's only elective body, and as the constituent assembly, freely chosen by adult suffrage, was about to assemble. Kerensky was a Socialist, as were his comrades. Some fled for their lives and others, unable to escape, were killed by Lenine's orders. He proclaimed a general terror and turned machine guns loose on all who dared oppose him. Many thousands were slaughtered. No one raises a voice in Russia unless he consents.

Not satisfied with his achievements in Russia, Lenine summoned criminal anarchists everywhere to imitate him. A fiery cross was sent forth. He spent millions of rubles to induce others to do as he had done. Particularly this country was to be seized by force. If Martens does not misrepresent his mission, he is Lenine's agent here, and his very employment implies he holds Lenine's method is right. Yet *The Call* would have its readers believe Martens has not advocated the forcible overthrow of our democracy.

We don't know whether the man Martens, among his "principles," has developed an aversion to sportsmanship. It looks as if he had. Else, an upholder of the proposition that the strong have a right to rule as they please, he would hardly come bleating before our American courts, asking the hated law to protect him. And Dudley Field Malone, who has taken the oath incident to membership in the legal profession, appears as counsel to a champion of rule by force. If there was a thought dictagraph it would probably report Martens saying to himself: "These Americans, what fools!"

Poisoning the Future

Charles A. Beard, formerly of Columbia University, questions the following, contained in "A Syllabus of the World War," prepared by the local Department of Education:

> "Great Britain responded [to Belgium's appeal in support of her integrity] with a note to Germany warning her to respect Belgium's neutrality, and when Germany, disregarding the warning, invaded Belgium, England declared war, August 4."

Professor Beard concedes the literal accuracy of the foregoing statement, but picks at it because it does not include many interesting facts of the negotiations—for example, the evidence suggesting that Great Britain might have gone in though Belgium had not been invaded.

The maybes and mightbes are pabulum for some kinds of mind, but the sober historian is averse to them—is aware, when he indulges in them, that he is likely to cease being an historian to become merely a prejudiced person. The British government demanded of Germany that she respect Belgium and instructed its ambassador to ask for his passports if Germany did not comply by midnight. Germany did not comply and the ambassador left. If she had complied the war might have come, but over some other issue. Seldom has an international matter been so simplified as how war came between Great Britain and Germany.

Why the interest of the Beards in torturing everything in favor of Germany and against Great Britain, France and Russia? Do they not reveal the conclusions they would reach? Professor Beard inquires, apparently deeming it a poser, why the Board of Education did not invite the assistance of "trained teachers of history" in the preparation of its pamphlet. Why it did not seek the assistance of one of them may be surmised.

As a warning heritage for our children no effort should be spared to prevent the special pleaders, no matter how disguised, poisoning the mind of the future as to why the Great War was.

Testing Health Insurance

In a recent address upon the subject of health insurance Warren S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said:

> "If we have accomplished anything as a nation it has been due to the fact that the men and women of the country have been allowed to work out some of these problems. I do not take much stock in paternalism; I do not believe in a government that tucks you in bed at night, and if some plan of health insurance is adopted, worked out and finally made a law, I fear its effect on our country; I fear it will be the beginning of the end. I do not believe any nation can prosper when the government does everything for the industrial worker. It destroys initiative and makes him a dependent upon the bounty of his government. . . . I want to to say to you frankly as a representative of labor that there is not going to be any compulsory health insurance if we can help it."

The man or woman who does not emotionally and intellectually respond to the spirit of this stalwart representative of free labor has something the matter with his Americanism. The human being comes first. Better bodily illness than the soul illness incident to dependence. The instinct is sound which resists the intrusion of government.

Those who advocate compulsory state health insurance must meet these tests: First, that what they propose is a good thing in itself; second, that long experience has shown that individuals are incompetent to achieve it; third, that the public is competent to achieve it. The first is admitted; as to the second, it is fairly established that we can get the good thing only by concerted public action; as to the third, the weight of evidence is that public health insurance stands up.

Time was when courts, police forces, highways, parks, schools and even armies were privately owned and managed. These activities have been successively taken over by the public, and few would go back. The latest annexation from the private field is in the workmen's compensation act, covering industrial accidents. Compulsory health insurance applies a similar principle to disease loss that we have applied to accident loss.

We had no fall of the death rate until the public supplied water, and we are not likely to have a fall of the disease rate without a system of preventive personal examination and treatment which comes as an incident to properly ordered health insurance. The dentists have educated us to bi-yearly teeth examination, but we drive our body machine with scarcely a look-over until it breaks. Coöperation might perform the function, but it makes little progress. In the mean time the annual bill is heavy.

We believe in the principle upheld by Mr. Stone. Ill will the country fare when man is under no pressure to grow by looking after himself; but in this illogical world sound principles are limited and conditioned, and what seem paradoxical proposals coincidentally supported.

Switzerland has permitted herself to be a haven for emigrating radicals of other nations, and look what's happened in Zurich!

The Kaiser is going home as soon as the peace treaty is signed, and those who wondered how Germany was ever to be punished sufficiently are answered.

The Conning Tower

BALLADE OF ANCIENT ACTS

After Henley

Where are the wheezes they essayed
And where the smiles they made to flow?
Where's Caron's seltzer siphon laid,
A squirt from which laid Herbert low?
Where's Charlie Case's comic woe
And Georgie Cohan's nasal drawl?
The afterpiece? The olio?
Into the night go one and all.

Where are the japeries, fresh or frayed,
That Fields and Lewis used to throw?
Where is the horn that Shepherd played?
The slide trombone that Wood would blow?
Amelia Glover's l. f. toe?
The Rays and their domestic brawl?
Bert Williams with "Oh, *I* Don't Know?"
Into the night go one and all.

Where's Little Raymond, peppy jade?
The braggart Lew, the simple Joe?
And where the Irish servant maid
That Jimmie Russell used to show?
Charles Sweet, who tore the paper snow?
Ben Harney's where? And Artie Hall?
Nash Walker, Darktown's grandest beau?
Into the night go one and all.

L'Envoi

Prince, though our children laugh "Ho! Ho!"
At us who gleefully would fall
For acts that played the Long Ago,
Into the night go one and all.

Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, in the current "Dramatic Mirror," implies that we are "plugging the vaudeville days of the '90s." "He preferred Vesta Tilley in vaudeville," he writes, "to De Wolf Hopper in the legitimate. He heard 'Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay' when he might have listened to Della Fox sing 'I am the Belle, They Say, of Avenue A.'" This is far from the truth. We never preferred Vesta Tilley in anything to De Wolf Hopper in anything; nor could we ever have. We never cared particularly for Miss Tilley's art, and always worshipped De Wolf Hopper's.

With Mr. Macgowan's contention that the memories of the '90s concern themselves with the performers rather than with the composers and librettists we quarrel not at all. The purchasing public to-day is equally unconcerned. Ask five persons who saw "The Follies of 1919" last night who wrote the show; at least four will be unable to tell you. See how many people who have seen Lew Fields's "A Lonely Romeo" can tell you that Harry B. Smith, the librettist of "Robin Hood," "The Wizard of the Nile," and "The Serenade," wrote it.

The reading and theatregoing publics are gloriously unconcerned with authors. "Did you read that story about that girl in the Satevepost?" somebody will ask. "Who wrote it?" we always inquire. Infrequently is the reply anything but "I didn't notice" or "I forget." Mr. Macgowan may doubt this. Well, the Dramatic Mirror is one of the hebdomadals we sometimes omit buying. A friend telephoned that there was an article in this number that pertained to the vaudeville of the '90s. "Who wrote it?" we asked. "I didn't notice," he said.

The Poetry Service Station

Sir: I, too have been touched by the haunting cadence of the line; but, like C. W., I am quite too busy to do it complete justice. If you can use an assembled poem, however, I am willing to supply a few feet to help it along. As per viz:

REFRAIN

He lost a leg in action with the Irish Fusiliers,
And though he's advertised for it, 'tis gone for good, he fears.

No doubt, some of your contribs will have spare parts on hand enough to make the thing run.

G. B.

The speed demons of the War Department and the Postoffice Department, in perfect collaboration, have succeeded in getting to us our $60 bonus. It was accomplished in three months, from tip to tip; and our gratitude to the government is boundless.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

June 14—To the courts with S. Spaeth, and he beat me three setts in five, and then we to watch better players; and saw Richards and Behr beat Throckmorton and Hunter, and I wagered a dinner with S. Martin on it and lost, and so took him to dinner, and he must needs have a cocktayle, albeit liquor was not stipulated in the wager.

15—To H. Ross's for breakfast, which my wife and Mistress Caroline cooked, not bad, neither; and then I played two setts with S. Spaeth, and beat him both. For a ride then with my wife, and in the evening to see the Lambs' Gambol, which amused me mightily, in especiall Mr. Cohan and Mr. Collier. To my inn, and had some soup, and salmon salad, and a beaker of sarsaparilla, and some ice cream, and thence to bed, but could not sleep till near four o'clock.

16—All day at my desk, and met Mistress Helen Pemberton at dinner, and her baby, Ickle Floppit, was with her; and I wheeled the baby home, down the Avenue, not without pride, neither. Though I detected in the glance some gave me and Mistress Helen, Why did that lovely girl marry him?

17—Up by times, and to the office, and H. H. Kohlsaat to visit me, and he talked of the old days in Chicago. Finished my stint in good time, so home to rest.

The typically American linotyper first spelled it "Quentyquec," so we changed it to "Quentyquee," which the typically American proofreader changed to "Quentyquet."

Vox et Præterea Nihil

Sir: She was lamenting her lost voice. "It cracks whenever I try a high note. If it wasn't so sad I'd be funny," she dulcied. "Yes, it must be a scream," I answered, just that quickly. Now, wasn't I the m., m. w.?

Wivos.

The Profiteers' Mother Goose

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many expenses she didn't know what to do;
So she split up the shoe, with some laths and cement,
And hung out a placard, "Apartments to Rent."

* * * * *

Baa, baa, landlord, have you any flats?
Yes sir, yes sir, for plutocrats.
One that has three rooms, and one that has four,
And the rental is Twenty-seven Hundred or more.

This is Clean Up Week, so we took a look at our desk.

What it needs is Clean Up Month.

F. P. A.

Poland, Child of the West

By Joseph Conrad

(From an article in Collier's)

This is the first public utterance of the great English novelist, born Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, upon the hopes and fears of his native land

THOSE who died east and west, leaving so much anguish and so much pride behind them, died neither for the creation of states nor for empty words, nor yet the salvation of general ideas. They died neither for democracy, nor leagues, nor systems, and not even for abstract justice, which is an unfathomable mystery. They died for something too deep for words, too mighty for the common standard by which reason measures the advantages of life and death, too sacred for the vain discourses that come and go on the lips of dreamers, fanatics, humanitarians and statesmen.

The Only Enduring Thing

Poland's independence springs up from that great immolation, but Poland's loyalty will not be rooted in anything so trenchant and burdensome as the sense of immeasurable indebtedness, of that gratitude which in a worldly sense is sometimes called eternal, but which lies always at the mercy of weariness and is fatally condemned by the instability of human sentiment to end in negation. Polish loyalty will be rooted in something much more solid and enduring, something that could never be called eternal, but which is, in fact, life-enduring. It will be rooted in the national temperament, which is about the only thing on earth that can be trusted.

Men may deteriorate, they may improve, too, but they don't change. Misfortune is a hard school, which may either mature or spoil a national character, but it may be reasonably advanced that the long course of adversity of the most cruel kind has not injured the fundamental characteristics of that nation which has proved its vitality against the most demoralizing odds. The various phases of the Polish sense of self-preservation struggling among the menacing forces and the no less threatening chaos of the neighboring powers should be judged impartially.

To the End of Time

This situation was brought vividly home to me in the course of an argument more than eighteen months ago. "Don't forget," I was told, "that Poland has got to live in contact with Germany and Russia to the end of time. Do you understand the force of that expression: 'to the end of time'? Facts must be taken into account, and especially facts such as this to which there is no possible remedy on earth. For reasons which are, properly speaking, physiological, a prospect of friendship with Germans or Russians, even in the most distant future, is unthinkable. Any alliance of heart and mind would be a monstrous thing, and monsters, as you know, cannot live. You can't base conduct on a monstrous conception.

"Oppression, not merely political but affecting social relation, family life, the deepest affections of human nature, and the very fount of natural emotions, has never made us vengeful. It is worthy of notice that with every incentive present in our emotional reactions we had no recourse to political assassination. Arms in hand, hopelessly or hopefully, and always against immeasurable odds, we did affirm ourselves and the justice of our cause; but 'wild justice' has never been a part of our conception of national manliness. In all the history of Polish oppression there was only one shot fired which was not in battle. Only one! And the man who fired it in Paris at the Emperor Alexander II was but an individual connected with no organization, representing no part of Polish opinion. The only effect in Poland was that of profound regret, not at the failure, but at the mere fact of the attempt. The history of our captivity is free from that stain; and whatever follies in the eyes of the world we may have perpetrated, we have neither murdered our enemies nor acted treacherously against them, nor yet have been reduced to the point of cursing each other."

A Nation Without Revenge

I could not gainsay the truth of that discourse. I saw as clearly as my interlocutor the impossibility of the faintest sympathetic bond between Poland and her neighbors ever being formed in the future. The only course that remains to a reconstituted Poland is the elaboration, establishment and preservation of the most correct method of political relations with neighbors to whom Poland's existence is bound to be a humiliation and offence. Calmly considered, it is an appalling task, yet one may put one's trust in that national temperament which is so completely free from aggressiveness and revenge.

Therein lie the foundations of all hope. The success of renewed life for that nation whose fate is to remain in exile, ever isolated from the West among hostile surroundings, depends on the sympathetic understanding of its problems by its distant friends, the Western powers, which in their democratic development must recognize the moral and intellectual kinship of that distant outpost of their type of civilization, which was the only basis of Polish culture.

An Imperishable Individualism

Whatever may be the future of Russia and the final organization of Germany, the old hostility must remain unappeased, the fundamental antagonism must endure for years to come. The Crime of the Partition was committed by autocratic governments, which were the governments of their time; but those governments were characterized in the past, as they will be in the future, by their people's national traits, which remain utterly incompatible with Polish mentality and Polish sentiment.

Both the German submissiveness (idealistic as it may be) and the Russian lawlessness (fed on the corruption of all the virtues) are utterly foreign to the Polish nation, whose qualities and defects are altogether of another kind tending to a certain exaggeration of individualism and, perhaps, to an extreme belief in the governing power of the free assent, the one invariably vital principle in the internal government of the old republic.

No Feudal Quarrels

There was never a history more free from political bloodshed than the history of the Polish state, which never knew either feudal institutions or feudal quarrels. At the time when heads were falling on the scaffolds all over Europe there was only one political execution in Poland—only one—and as to that there still exists a tradition that the great chancellor who democratized Polish institutions and had to order it in pursuance of his political purpose, could not settle that matter with his conscience till the day of his death.

I can't imagine, in whatever form of democratic government Poland elaborates for itself, that either the nation or its leaders would do anything but welcome the closest scrutiny of their renewed political existence. The difficulty of the problem of that existence will be so great that some errors will be unavoidable, and one may be sure that they will be taken advantage of by its neighbors to discredit that living witness to a great historical crime. If not the actual frontiers, then the moral integrity of the new state is sure to be assailed before the eyes of Europe.

The Offspring of the West

Already there are innuendos, threats hints thrown out, and even awful instances fabricated out of inadequate materials, but it is historically unthinkable that the Poland of the future, with its sacred tradition of Poland and its hereditary sense of respect for the rights of individuals and states, should seek its prosperity in aggressive action or in moral violence against that part of its once fellow citizens who speak Ruthenian or Lithuanian. The only influence that cannot be restrained is simply the influence of time, which disengages truth from all facts with a merciless logic and prevails over passing opinions, the changing impulses of men.

There can be no doubt that the moral impulses and the material interests of the new nationalities which seem to play now the game of disintegration for the benefit of the world's enemies, will in the end bring them nearer to the Poland of this war's creation, will unite them sooner or later by a spontaneous movement toward the state which had adopted and brought them up in the development of its own humane culture—the offspring of the West.

Books

By Heywood Broun

THIS is as fine a time as a man could wish in which to be a book reviewer. Think what the job must have been back in the days when Walter Scott was turning out ten novels a year, and what a fearful bore Dickens became to the men who had to read every word he wrote.

Of course, it would have been fun to have seen "'Vanity Fair' is the best book we have read this month.—N. Y. Tribune," in the book page advertisements, and there might have been satisfaction in writing, "We heartily recommend George Meredith's 'The Egoist.' We think this young man will go far."

But ours is no mean age, for we have Wells and Galsworthy and Conrad and Shaw. We are particularly moved to feel that this is a fine time in which to have the privilege of reading new books, because we have just finished John Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress," and it seems to us superb. When Wells can work himself into a good lather we would rather read him than any man alive, but there are periods in most of his books when he is merely warming up. His social consciousness sometimes interferes with his artistry. At times he has so much to say that no novel will hold it. Galsworthy has a marked social consciousness in most of his plays. It animates "Strife" and "Justice" and "The Silver Box," but it is less evident in his novals. "Saint's Progress leaves the world just where it found it. As in Wells, there is a search for God, but no discovery. Nor is there a denial. Edward Pierson prays for deliverance at a certain point in the book, and Galsworthy notes, "Whether from prayer or from the scent and feel of the clover, he found presently a certain rest." It is the attitude of a neutral.

But though Galsworthy keeps himself and his feelings outside the novel, it does not lack intensity. His characters feel things acutely. There is a chaper in which a woman is giving up a man she loves, and her emotion is conveyed so vividly as to drag the reader into the turmoil of it all. "Saint's Progress," then, is not a book to pass the time between here and Poughkeepsie. Whoever reads it must live with it That demands no sacrifice, for Galsworthy makes life mean more for us by bringing to us its fulness, its depth and its intesnity.

Writers who deny allegiance to any invisible king still see a well ordered universe. In two agnostic novels which we have read within a month fathers have prayed passionately for sons. On both occasions a little girl was born in the very next chapter.

One reason why Galsworthy is among the great is because he never tries to be funny. Well, hardly ever. We still remember regretfully his one-act play "The Little Man," with its painful attempt to burlesque the travelling American. Of course "The Pigeon" is humorous, but it is also effortless. The reading public of to-day is mad about humor. Editors of magazines and newspapers order people to be funny. Newspaper writers sign ten-year contracts to be funny six days a week in a stipulated quantity. We had a city editor once who made a practice of putting a 400-word funny story on the front page in every issue. He made up the suggestions himself, and we remember our assignment as entered in the book one July day several years ago, "As I was coming down Broadway to-day I saw a cake of ice in the middle of the street. Write a funny story about it."

Our magazine writers are just as burdened as the newspapermen. There is hardly a first class writing man in America who does not twist and change the things he sees just a little to make them funnier. Even burlesque itself is not enough. Ring Lardner achieves a success by mingling accurate observation of colloquial speech with a slight touch of exaggeration, and immediately he is successfully followed by a score of men whose only trick seems to be to make two "him and me's" grow where one grew before. The best of the English don't go scot free, either. Bernard Shaw plays the fool at times in order to induce people to listen to discussions of such serious subjects as religion and economics and sociology. H. G. Wells inserts snatches of heavy-handed burlesque into some of his most brilliant books. But Galsworthy goes along without patronizing his readers by assuming that they must have everything made funny. Perhaps life is not as humorous as it ought to be, but Galsworthy seems content to let other men paint the pink spots on the false faces and add the putty to the nose of mankind.

Drinks of Other Days

(From The Boston Post)

There is a popular belief that the people who lived more than a century ago knew little about variety of drinks. They could have wine, beer, brandy or rum, but little else. But it does not take much delving into old annals to find out that the Americans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had an almost endless variety of choice. The frequenters of the old Dutch tavern, one of the earliest buildings in what is to-day New York, had all sorts of mixed drinks, even if they did not know what a cocktail was.

Some idea of the kinds of liquor sold is given in the eighteenth century advertisement of a distiller, who set forth that he could supply "Aniseed Water, Orange Water, Clove Water, All Fours, or the Cordial of Cordials, Royal Usquebaugh, Plain ditto, Royal Water, Cordial of Health, Cinnamon Water, Cardamon Water, Angelica Water, Aqua Cælestic or Heavenly Water, Ros Solis, Stoughton's Elixir Mirabelis, or Wonderful Water, besides Irish Whiskey, Brandy and Rectified Spirits of Wine."

At funerals all sorts of liquors were served. Finally, largely because the intoxication of mourners appeared unseemly, the custom was abandoned. This innovation was greatly deplored by some resolute topers, and one of them remarked bitterly that "Temperance has done for funerals."

Common Christianity

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: No one who knows the devastated regions of France can listen to sectarian dissensions regarding the work of relief and restoration without a sense of shock. The Boche made no distinction between Catholic and Protestant. If the name of Christian means anything, the obliteration of his trail of beastliness should be hailed as a Christian opportunity for united Christian effort.

In the Chateau Thierry "pocket," between the Marne and the Aisne, there are several score of the loveliest Romanesque churches of the Ile de France, the loveliest small churches of the world, in varying degrees of ruin. At St Pierre de l'Aigle there is but a pile of stones. It was hereabouts that the Americans with General Mangin "jumped off" the morning of July 18. At Bonnes the exquisite belfry is still intact, though a great hole yawns in the nave and the interior is wrecked.

In many of these churches Charlemagne may have worshipped. Standing in a country where war was perpetual, war respected them for a thousand years. It remained for the Boche to ruin, loot and befoul them. What he could carry away he stole. The rest he desecrated as the ape desecrates. I have found pages torn from an illuminated, hand-wrought seventeenth century psalter in a Boche colonel's dugout, used as shaving papers.

American followers of Christ, American lovers of beautiful things, American lovers of humanity and of France could do no more graceful act than to restore these churches under the direction of French architects. It is a project which the smaller cities of America might well undertake, and in so doing erect a monument each to its own civic life and fame. But it is an enterprise which obviously should be inaugurated by the Christian churches of America, united in a common Christianity and in no sectarian spirit.

DAVID GRAY.

Captain, U. S. A. (Discharged).

New York, June 14, 1919.

A "Curious Cuss"

(From The Winnebago, Minn., Enterprise)

"Our ancient and honorable friend," Frank A. Day of "The Fairmount Sentinel," is having a whaling lot of fun out of the political situation. Count that day lost that sees no new candidate for Congress or the Governorship put forth by the Hon. Frank. Up to the present time he has named enough men to provide a brand new set of officials for the whole state. Frank is a curious cuss. He has boxed the political compass, and is still running around in a circle, emitting strange cries. And in spite of the fact that his political faults are numerous, we love him still—and the more still he is the more we love him!

Suggestion

(From The Boston Globe)

Only think! The great new Commonwealth Dry Dock at South Boston is big enough to hold 55,000,000 gallons of water—or any other liquid!